



**MAINE FARMER**

"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

**A TASK FOR CHEMISTS.**

MANUFACTURE OF AMMONIA. It is now a well settled principle, that ammonia is a very important ingredient in manures, and essential to the growth of vegetables. It is also a well known principle in chemistry that ammonia is composed of nitrogen and hydrogen, being made up of 100 parts, by measure, of nitrogen, and 300 parts of hydrogen.

Now these two gases, viz: hydrogen and nitrogen, are very abundant in nature. Any amount of hydrogen can be manufactured from water, and any amount of nitrogen can be extracted from the atmosphere. Well, all that the farmer wants to ensure him large quantities of ammonia, is a cheap, easy, and expeditious mode of combining the two gases into a union which will form ammonia. There's a job for you, Mr. Chemist. Devise some mode, and some simple apparatus, by which any farmer can manufacture any amount of ammonia he wishes, during a rainy day.

We know that ammonia can be easily decomposed, or separated, by the chemist in the laboratory, into its two component gases, viz: hydrogen and nitrogen, by which we readily ascertain what it is made of. But what we desire is a method of uniting them, which can be done in a rough way on a large scale.

Invent us such a method, and you will confer a great favor, not only on the agricultural community, but on all who are agricultural produce.

**THE POTATO ROT.**

I have heard of many notable cures for the potato rot through the columns of your excellent paper and others, but none appear to me so likely to eradicate the disease, as a method of preparing the seed recommended by a friend of mine residing in North Center, Michigan. This gentleman is an intelligent and wealthy farmer, and a man whose statements can be relied on.

While on a visit to my place recently, he told me they had eradicated the disease entirely by planting potatoes that had remained in the ground during the winter; those remaining until spring being of course free from disease. They commenced in this way a few years since. Their potatoes having rotted very much as was often the case, they concluded not to dig them, and if any kept until spring, to plant those. The potatoes thus planted grew well, and did not rot, and have not rotted since. They have continued this plan from year to year, leaving enough potatoes in the ground in autumn for seed in the spring, and they feel quite confident that they have hit upon the right remedy, as they have not been troubled with the rot in that vicinity since this plan has been adopted.

Some not practically acquainted with raising potatoes, may think they will freeze in the ground, but we know the ground will draw the frost out without injuring the potato for seed, for we have often had a volunteer crop from those left in the ground. It appears very reasonable to me; the cure is simple and easily tried, and it may be just the thing. I cheerfully make these facts known, and if it turns out as I anticipate, we will all have new cause for Thanksgiving.

P. S. BROOKS.

Midland, N. J., Nov. 24, 1853.

Our correspondent may find a remedy for the potato rot. We ourselves had a small volunteer crop of potatoes the past season, from some that were accidentally left in a bed all winter. Whether potatoes will keep sufficiently well during the winter in the open ground to answer for seed in a climate more severe than this we cannot say; it is our impression, however, that they have been thus preserved as far north as the State of Maine. Will the Editor of the Maine Farmer please inform us if he has any knowledge of potatoes having been left in the ground all winter, in that State, and yet produce a good crop the following season?

[American Agriculturist.]

Yes, Sir. We have always a "volunteer crop" of potatoes here in Maine, from potatoes left in the ground over winter. It is a very common thing to see potatoes growing up in the spring, in fields where the potatoes grew the last year, either from hills that were not opened at digging time, or from tubers accidentally buried in the process of digging in the fall previous.

We know of no experiments that have been tried to test the comparative advantage this mode would be, in raising early potatoes, or in preventing disease. It is pretty evident that those which are found sound in the spring, cannot have any taint of the rot in them, for if they had they would have decayed long before. We published the following paragraph about a year ago—

"We have been informed by Mr. Martin Cushing, an aged citizen of Windtop, that in 1805 he resided in Bath, and witnessed an experiment of a person who worked on the farm of the late P. Talsman. He planted a field with potatoes, in the fall, just before the ground froze. In the spring following they came up well; he hoed them carefully, and kept them free from weeds, and in the month of June, they were probably an early variety," he began to dig them. He had an abundant crop, and sold five hundred bushels at that price."

Among the many antidotes for the potato rot, deep planting has its advocates. Dr. True of Bethel, thus writes to us recently on the subject—

"By the way, have you noticed the effect of deep planting as a preventive of the potato rot? I raised a few bushels this year, among my corn, where the seed had been plowed in quite deep, and no sign of rot appeared. A neighbor of

mine informs me that he has noticed the same result. Might not a hint be derived on the effect of deeper tillage, and planting of the potato, as a safeguard against this scourge?"

**NURSERY TREES AND AGENTS.**

Mr. Editor.—I read your paper with much interest, not only on account of the well digested and appropriate suggestions which appear as editorial, but on account of the numerous suggestions by which your correspondents enrich our constantly accumulating agricultural literature. Every farmer ought to consider himself under obligation to communicate, for the public benefit, the results of all his carefully noted experiments and observations; but a fondness for scribbling should not induce any one to clutter the columns of our agricultural journals with mere conjectures and hypotheses which have not been subjected to the rigid test of experiment.

For a few weeks past I have noticed in the Farmer occasional insinuations in relation to nursery trees which are not sustained by accurately conducted experiments—are not in accordance with truth, and are consequently calculated to injure the growing interest of our agriculture. Permit me to allude to a few of these insinuations, and to begin with the idea that nursery trees from New York and Massachusetts are not adapted to the soil and climate of Maine. I go for sustaining home enterprise, and regret that the foresight of the citizens of our State has not enabled nurserymen among us to supply the demand for trees. But such is not the fact; and, although we have some valuable nurseries in Maine, so limited is the supply that for years to come but few can be procured from this source, and unless a partial supply can be obtained from abroad, the development of our resources must be materially retarded. Hence it cannot but be contemplated with regret that any individuals who "know not whereof they testify," should throw any impediments in the way of any facilities that may be afforded for converting our territory, as rapidly as possible, into what nature largely designed it for—an orchard for half the world.

The apple tree is a hardy tree, and stands the severe winters of the central portions of Maine fully as well as the maples of our native forests. Its hardy nature is the result of its organization—the contraction of the sap vessels, and general arrangement of the character and consistency of its fibrous structure—and not the result of a process of acclimation. The seed planted in Canada or Georgia will produce the characteristic structure of the apple tree, and a transplantation from one location or climate to the other will not change that structure. True, a Baldwin tree planted in Georgia will produce a full apple instead of winter apples; but this result is not the consequence of any change of structure in the tree of fruit, but is accounted for by the fact that the Baldwin ripens in a certain number of days, and that the season in Maine furnishes just the requisite period of time, while the addition of several weeks to a Georgia season over ripens the fruit, and brings it to the state of maturity, or mellowness, by the first month of winter, which it attains in our cellars by the first month of the following summer.

I judge from experience, and know that there is not the least danger to be apprehended in bringing nursery trees from a more southern climate to the latitude of the mountains of the interior of Maine. I have occupied my present place of residence on a bleak ridge near Farmington Falls for three seasons, during which time I have cultivated the Bartlett, and other varieties of the pear, the apple, &c., from nurseries in a lower southern latitude than that in which the famous nurseries of Rochester in New York are situated and I have not known a single bud to suffer from the severity of our winters or from other causes peculiar to our climate or a change of location or soil. In my experiments no kind of shelter has been resorted to, and the trees are planted on a ridge with nothing to break the full sweep of the northwest blast as it drives over an extensive open field. If any man in Maine has arrived at a different result in similar experiments, I am confident that mistaken precautions have interfered with success, and that the same culture and exposure of the young maples or beeches from our forests would have exposed them to winter killing. Every careful observer has noticed that the shoots which are spring from a maple stump, and which are over stimulated by excess of sap, continue to grow so late in the season that the unripened wood at the ends of the twigs is killed by the winter. Such will be the consequence of excessive cultivation, in warm and sheltered locations, with choice varieties of the apple, pear, &c., whether the trees are brought from the south, or from Canada, or whether they are raised from seedlings among us. Thus, in view of my own carefully conducted experiments, I must say that I regret that any one, through your columns, should have attempted to discourage any of our farmers from purchasing trees from responsible agents, whether from New York or from Maine.

That some agents have imposed upon the community, in vending trees as nursery agents, is very probable, but is this any reason why your correspondents should condemn all nursery agents, untried, or without enquiry? I anticipate an actual future increase of the actual capital of the county of Franklin, of many thousands of dollars, from the facilities already afforded to the people in the Sandy River region, by Mr. Jacobs, who has delivered at our doors large invoices of trees, from one of the most celebrated nurseries in Western New York. Whatever deception other agents may have practised, the trees furnished by Mr. Jacobs have more than answered the contract, and have come to order, put up in a style which has effectively guarded them against any risk from transportation and transplanting. His trees have proved on examination to be just what he sold them for; grafted by tongue, and no sign of rot appeared. A neighbor of

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The apple tree is a hardy tree, and stands the severe winters of the central portions of Maine fully as well as the maples of our native forests. Its hardy nature is the result of its organization—the contraction of the sap vessels, and general arrangement of the character and consistency of its fibrous structure—and not the result of a process of acclimation. The seed planted in Canada or Georgia will produce the characteristic structure of the apple tree, and a transplantation from one location or climate to the other will not change that structure. True, a Baldwin tree planted in Georgia will produce a full apple instead of winter apples; but this result is not the consequence of any change of structure in the tree of fruit, but is accounted for by the fact that the Baldwin ripens in a certain number of days, and that the season in Maine furnishes just the requisite period of time, while the addition of several weeks to a Georgia season over ripens the fruit, and brings it to the state of maturity, or mellowness, by the first month of winter, which it attains in our cellars by the first month of the following summer.

I judge from experience, and know that there is not the least danger to be apprehended in bringing nursery trees from a more southern climate to the latitude of the mountains of the interior of Maine. I have occupied my present place of residence on a bleak ridge near Farmington Falls for three seasons, during which time I have cultivated the Bartlett, and other varieties of the pear, the apple, &c., from nurseries in a lower southern latitude than that in which the famous nurseries of Rochester in New York are situated and I have not known a single bud to suffer from the severity of our winters or from other causes peculiar to our climate or a change of location or soil. In my experiments no kind of shelter has been resorted to, and the trees are planted on a ridge with nothing to break the full sweep of the northwest blast as it drives over an extensive open field. If any man in Maine has arrived at a different result in similar experiments, I am confident that mistaken precautions have interfered with success, and that the same culture and exposure of the young maples or beeches from our forests would have exposed them to winter killing. Every careful observer has noticed that the shoots which are spring from a maple stump, and which are over stimulated by excess of sap, continue to grow so late in the season that the unripened wood at the ends of the twigs is killed by the winter. Such will be the consequence of excessive cultivation, in warm and sheltered locations, with choice varieties of the apple, pear, &c., whether the trees are brought from the south, or from Canada, or whether they are raised from seedlings among us. Thus, in view of my own carefully conducted experiments, I must say that I regret that any one, through your columns, should have attempted to discourage any of our farmers from purchasing trees from responsible agents, whether from New York or from Maine.

That some agents have imposed upon the community, in vending trees as nursery agents, is very probable, but is this any reason why your correspondents should condemn all nursery agents, untried, or without enquiry? I anticipate an actual future increase of the actual capital of the county of Franklin, of many thousands of dollars, from the facilities already afforded to the people in the Sandy River region, by Mr. Jacobs, who has delivered at our doors large invoices of trees, from one of the most celebrated nurseries in Western New York. Whatever deception other agents may have practised, the trees furnished by Mr. Jacobs have more than answered the contract, and have come to order, put up in a style which has effectively guarded them against any risk from transportation and transplanting. His trees have proved on examination to be just what he sold them for; grafted by tongue, and no sign of rot appeared. A neighbor of

mine informs me that he has noticed the same result. Might not a hint be derived on the effect of deeper tillage, and planting of the potato, as a safeguard against this scourge?"

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**NURSERY TREES AND AGENTS.**

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## The Muse.

From Putnam's Monthly for December.

## PHANTOMS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All houses wherein men have lived and died,  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The phantoms of their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table, than the hosts  
Invited; the illumined hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my bedside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He does not perceive what is, while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no little-threads to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves groaning stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortal still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense,  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence that unseen star,  
The undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,  
Throws o'er the sea a floating beam of light;  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
In the realm of mystery and night.

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

## TOUCHING WITCHES.

An English poet has taught us how to know one of  
this formidable class, when "in the course of human  
events," we come within their range—

"When well-favored features beauty's offspring speak,  
And health's sweet roses tinge the youthful cheek—  
When the bright eye its dangerous power displays,  
Though modesty restrains its softest rays,

When words polite, and sentiments refined,  
Are vouchers for the beauty of the mind—  
Or maid or widow, be she poor or rich,  
My heart in terror whispers, 'There's a witch!'"

## The Story-Teller.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## SARA'S VENTURE.

One morning, just as I had finished breakfast,  
I received a note from my friend Sara Hall, beg-  
ging me, if possible, to go over for a few hours  
in the course of the day. "Don't be alarmed,"  
she added, in a postscript, "nothing is the mat-  
ter."

I was therefore not alarmed, but I was some-  
what curious; and as I hurried over my light  
dinner, I was not without some anxiety. I had  
been prompted to go, I thought, by some  
trivial matter. I was afraid that my friend  
Sara had been ill, or that she had some  
business to attend to.

"I will not go," I decided with laudable  
firmness, "unless I hear of some extraordinary  
event." At length I had seen my two brothers  
fairly off on their way to the City of Lon-  
don School; had made every necessary arrange-  
ment for their early dinner at one o'clock, and  
my father's and mine at five; and felt myself at  
liberty to follow my wishes, and make my way to  
Mr. Hall's house.

I walked on to my destination in a somewhat  
dreamy mood, until my proximity to the house  
recalled my thoughts to the matter in hand.  
Mr. Hall was a surgeon in excellent practice,  
and it was at the door of one of the stately  
but aristocratic mansions in Finsbury Square  
at which I knocked. Sara was an only child,  
and uncontrolled mistress of her father's house-  
hold, for Mr. Hall had lost his wife many years  
ago.

A few moments more found me in my friend's  
pretty private room. It was as elegantly fitted  
up as a fashionable lady's boudoir, and deserved  
to be so called, but Sara set her face resolutely  
against all unnecessary gallantries, and would  
never suffer the application.

"I am glad you're come," said Sara emphati-  
cally, as I entered, and giving me a chair by  
the blazing fire; but then came a pause, and  
she resumed the occupation I had for a moment  
interrupted—that of walking up and down the  
room. Knowing her temper, I left her to de-  
clare her business in her own time and way, and  
divested myself of my bonnet and shawl, en-  
tering myself in the luxurious easy chair,  
crossed my feet, which I had effectually cooled  
on the wild seashore, over the fender, defiant  
of the impertinence, and prepared to wait in pa-  
tience and in comfort. While waiting, I made a  
few observations; I saw that Sara's countenance  
was covered with scattered manuscripts, and that  
upon them lay a letter sealed and addressed. I  
knew my friend's avocations too well to be  
surprised at the sight of manuscripts, but the  
letter, the direction of which I could not help  
reading, puzzled me not a little. Amongst other  
things, I noticed the character and beauty of  
Sara's face, and that its habitual expression of  
pride and dissimulation was more strongly  
marked than usual. Her figure was particularly  
small and girlish, but what an air of resolu-  
tion it nevertheless possessed!

Presently she drew the escritoire close to the  
fire, sat down before it, and folding her arms  
over her papers, fixed her glittering black eyes  
on my face.

"Carry," said Sara, pointing to the letter,  
"do you see what I mean to do?" The letter  
being addressed to a celebrated west-end pub-  
lisher, and seen in conjunction with a heap  
of manuscripts, did not leave much to natural  
anxiety. I mentioned the conclusion I drew  
therefrom.

"But, Sara," I asked, "what has become of  
you old opinions? What the motive when  
you do not want the money, and have always  
asserted you did not care about fame, at least  
such as you were likely to get?"

"I have the reputation of being capricious,"  
was her answer, "and I am disposed to think,  
if I get what I deserve, I shall care about fame.  
Do you think I shall be likely to find any diffi-  
culty in getting my novel published?"

I was quite ignorant of such matters, but I  
asked, with an air of competent authority, "On  
what terms do you mean to offer it?"

"On condition that I may publish it under an  
assumed name, and that my secret is absolutely  
kept—this is the first and most important  
item. Secondly, that all pecuniary rights be  
borne by the publishers; as I have no intention  
of caring anything about it;—Money, may I  
say, is not a matter to me."

"What are you going to do?" I asked  
anxiously; "not to condense to play the coquette,  
surely?"

Sara smiled, but without giving me any satis-  
faction on the point. I had no particular fault  
to find with Mr. Knight. Plainly and honestly  
he was, and what was far worse—short; but then  
he had an expression of intelligence which would  
have refined coarser features. True, he spoke  
but little; but he was attentive to the courtesies  
of the table, and Mr. Hall's organ of language  
prompted him at all times to take the burden of  
conversation chiefly on himself. Sara, too, talked  
a good deal—that is, whenever Mr. Knight  
was not present. I had never seen her in a mood  
before, or heard her say so many extravagant or absurd  
things in the course of an evening. Mr. Knight

"Perhaps," said I, drily, "they won't at-  
tempt to take advantage of your indifference  
to profit; if reputation is all you care about,  
you ought to be pretty sure of the desert of  
your work."

"I am pretty sure," said Sara, turning over  
the leaves.

I reflected, then, ventured to say: "I am  
not." Sara looked up quietly. I went on.  
"You are aware," I said, playing the critic,  
"so much is required now-a-days, in a novel.  
They make a sort of science of this sort of lit-  
erature, and judge it by such strict rules. As  
a work of art, begin the reviewer—my dear  
Sara, as a work of art, what have you to say  
for your novel?"

"Nothing," returned she with cool contempt.  
"You think the power it shows, and the  
promises it has, will cover a multitude of defi-  
ciencies?" asked I. "Well, I hope others will  
think so too; still"—I hesitated, but Sara  
insisted on my saying all I thought. "I be-  
lieve you have written it as a sort of safety-valve  
for the emotions, passions, and opinions you do  
not choose to show and express, and which, per-  
haps, you ought not to express, in your inter-  
course with the world. Could you endure, Sara,  
to have what you have written with such  
deep conviction and intense earnestness, sneered  
at and ridiculed by some cold-blooded, sharp-  
witted reviewer?"

Sara's cheek flushed. "That is possible," she  
said, drawing a deep breath; "and it would  
be hard to bear; still"—Now she paused in  
her turn, and pushing back her chair, resumed  
her pacing of the room. I could see how her  
mind worked; there was something more in  
the conflict than she suffered to appear. After  
a while she came back and leaned over the man-  
tle-piece. I waited for her to resume the con-  
versation, which she did presently.

"How do you think my book would appear  
to a noble, discriminating, unprejudiced mind?"  
There was a vibration in the tone of her voice  
that made me look steadily at her. She was  
gazing into the fire with a dreamy, softened ex-  
pression of countenance.

"Most interesting—most attractive," said I  
with fervor, "as showing a mind enamored of  
mortal greatness. Such a reader would not  
care at the elevation of your ideal, or say yours  
were impossible principles; but then, Sara,  
such minds are not very common, and are not  
those likely to seize upon the last new novel."

"How long, Carry, have you taken out a  
judge's patent?" asked Sara, smiling. "I shall  
publish my book—if I can."

In the way of discussion I said no more, and  
we immediately fell to a discussion of ways and  
means. I was to take the manuscripts up to  
—street; and Sara had arranged that all  
communications on the subject should be ad-  
dressed to me. She had laid her plans so well,  
that there was little chance, we thought, of  
her being disappointed. When we had  
exhausted the topic of possibilities connected  
with the rejection, re-application, acceptance,  
and public reception of her work, I asked, "But  
what has induced this sudden resolution? I  
heard nothing about publication on Tuesday."

"All my resolutions are sudden, the result of  
mere impulse," was her answer. "I have no  
other explanation to give."

I said no more, although I was not satisfied.  
There was that in the repressed energy and ex-  
citement of her manner, that convinced me  
some second, or rather primary motive, lurked  
behind.

The next day I left the manuscript at the  
publisher's. I had rather dreaded this exploit;  
but I found nothing formidable in it. A glove-  
looking man met me on the very threshold of  
the office, took the packet I timidly presented,  
gave it a quick glance, and then set it down in  
a dusky corner of the dusky room, where I had  
an uneasy dread it would be forgotten, and  
moulder away in that obscurity.

"Very good," he enunciated: "quite right; and  
I felt there was not another word to say on  
the subject, and forthwith took my departure.  
I must, however, state that before Sara took  
me into her confidence, she had written to the  
firm, asking if they were disposed to examine  
her manuscript, and had received a civil reply,  
expressing their good pleasure to do so, and  
begging her to forward it.

A period of intense anxiety set in while we  
waited for the result. When alone, Sara and I  
had but one topic, but it was an exhaustive  
one. Then our dire ignorance of these matters  
pressed heavily; we had no idea what would be  
considered a reasonable time to give before we  
could venture to request to be favored with a  
decision; a step the impatient, haughty young  
author would soon have taken had I not re-  
strained her. My secret anxiety was of course  
never breathed to Sara—that the manuscript  
had never found its way to the proper person.  
Life, however, did not stand still in sympathy  
with our suspense; Sara, indeed, seemed fuller  
than ever of that restless vitality which I some-  
times found almost burdensome. It was evi-  
dent to me it was not only the chances of her  
novel that harassed her; but she was a strange  
girl, and I did not venture to question her. At  
length a light fell upon my understanding.

I came one afternoon to spend a few days  
with Sara, leaving strict orders at home that  
any letters addressed to me should be brought  
by my brother Charles. My friend was dress-  
ing for dinner when I entered her pleasant  
warm bedroom, and I had not been in it many  
moments before I discovered that she was taking  
special pains with her toilet.

"In any one coming?" I asked.

"Yes," said Sara, with a sudden glow and a  
scornful laugh; "Mr. Godfrey Knight is com-  
ing."

I was completely puzzled. I had never seen  
him, but I had heard a good deal of this gentle-  
man. By profession he was a barrister, and of rising  
repute; but in society he was less successful. I  
had heard some of my young lady friends mar-  
celledly ridicule the plainness and insignificance  
of his appearance; and even Sara had made  
some most ungenerous but ironically witty ob-  
servations thereon. From better authority, I  
had heard strictures on his displeasing deport-  
ment in society, his uncourtly silence, as if he  
considered himself a spectator of the scene, or  
his cynical severity, as if he had the right of  
censorship. On this point, too, Sara had  
strongly expressed herself.

"What are you going to do?" I asked  
anxiously; "not to condense to play the coquette,  
surely?"

Sara smiled, but without giving me any satis-  
faction on the point. I had no particular fault  
to find with Mr. Knight. Plainly and honestly  
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a good deal—that is, whenever Mr. Knight  
was not present. I had never seen her in a mood  
before, or heard her say so many extravagant or absurd  
things in the course of an evening. Mr. Knight

her have all her own way, listening to her with  
an irritating smile, and never defending his own  
views. When we retired to the drawing-room,  
I expressed my feelings.

"You must have been trying to appear ridicu-  
lous," said I; "Mr. Knight's contempt worth  
so much pains?"

She gave me an angry, almost fierce look, but  
softened immediately.

"I am playing no part, Carry; that is what  
his presence always makes of me. He despises  
girls from the bottom of his heart; he tempts  
me beyond my power of resistance to justify his  
estimate."

I saw her lip quiver as she spoke, but it  
might be with wounded pride; to the same feel-  
ing I attributed the glow of her cheeks and the  
usual glitter of her eyes. I did not pursue  
the subject, and when the two gentlemen came  
in to tea, they interrupted a debate on the usual  
topic. After tea, Mr. Hall asked his daughter  
for some music; she complied with unusual  
eagerness.

"But Mr. Knight," she said, pausing on her  
way to the piano, "detests music."

"The feeling is not quite so strong," said  
that gentleman, taking up a book. "I shall  
soon hear you."

Sara sat down to her instrument, and played  
for about half an hour certain elaborate  
tunes, and then she turned to her book, and  
learned at school. I felt it must be by design,  
for music, in the true acceptance of the phrase,  
was her particular talent, and her performance  
had no merit but exactness. Her father fell in  
to a doze at length, and then Sara rose. Mr.  
Knight had been reading his book very diligent-  
ly, but he closed it politely enough as the music  
ceased, and the musician drew near to the fire.  
Sara leaned over the mantel-piece in the graceful,  
careless attitude which was habitual to her.

"That is an unnecessary courtesy," said she,  
addressing Mr. Knight and stretching out her  
hand to take from him the book he was on the  
point of putting down. She turned to the title-  
page, and remarked, with rather a doubtful  
smile: "I should never have supposed you read  
poetry!"

"I read it so little, that your supposition is  
justified."

Sara stopped here, but I asked: "Don't you  
like poetry?"

Mr. Knight smiled, perhaps at the ignorant  
way in which I proposed my question, and  
Sara added: "I should like to know whether  
you consider it above or below your attention?"

"I have never given attention to it—lacking  
time and opportunity; so I can scarcely answer  
the question. Amongst the talents committed  
to my keeping, leisure is not one."

"A long natural love for poetry," said Sara,  
"would have enabled you to make leisure to in-  
clude it."

"Well, then, I can safely say, I have not  
such a love. Pray," he added, smiling, "is  
this deficiency very great in your eyes?"

"Very. It is a deficiency that involves so  
many others."

"Perhaps," said I, "you are not a reader of  
books at all?"

"No; not what you mean by a reader. The  
few books I do read inspire me for the many."

"I am happy to say," remarked Sara, "my  
mind is not above my generation."

Mr. Knight smiled very comfortably under the  
sarcasm, and he took his leave as soon as Mr. Hall  
roused himself. I made no comment to Sara on  
her behavior, but drew quietly my own infer-  
ences.

The next morning, the servant brought me a  
letter, left by my brother on his way from  
school. I recognized it at once as a missive  
from—street. On one point I am convinced:  
no letter received before or since ever excited  
such a tumult of feeling. It was not for me,  
however, to break the seal, and I carried it to  
Sara. I had a hunt through nearly all the  
pages in the house before I found her, and when  
I did find her, she was in no responsive mood.  
She was standing in the cold, cheerless draw-  
ing-room—the fire never being lighted till mid-  
day—with the morning newspaper spread out on  
the table before her, over which she was bow-  
ed in a posture indicative of no ordinary ab-  
sorption in its contents.

A few minutes after, Mr. Hall came in with  
an evening paper in his hands.

"Here's a cut-up," he exclaimed, rubbing his  
hands, as if it were a personal gratification.  
"Here's a cut-up of the new novel! Let it be  
the field, but the slaughter's tremendous! Sara,  
my girl, you're a capital reader, let us have it  
read."

"We have all read the book," I said, never  
so near committing myself in  
my life, but Sara restored me to a sense of the  
present necessity. She took the paper quietly  
her father held out to her, and his perceptions  
were not quick enough to see that her hands  
trembled. It was the only sign of agitation.  
She sat down, and carelessly glanced it over  
before commencing aloud.

"Mr. Knight has not read the book," she said,  
glancing up at him; "it is perhaps hardly fair  
for the author." There was a vibration in her  
voice that I saw she the person addressed must  
have felt.

"A disparaging criticism," he replied, "has  
often disposed me favorably towards the book  
condemned."

Sara began to read, and read the article  
through to the end, with no interruption but  
beyond Mr. Hall's keen enjoyment of its course  
wit. Merciless ridicule was the sole weapon  
employed; it had evidently been dictated by a  
mind thoroughly antagonistic to the writer's,  
for there was such hearty cordiality in its in-  
terference. A book such as I have before described  
must, of necessity, be a temptation to every  
mode of attack—my wonder was that it had not  
had recourse to before.

"It is clever," said Sara, putting it down;  
"and perhaps the writer is honest; but it is un-  
just."

I marvelled at her self-command, but it was  
not perfect; there was a deep flush on her cheek,  
a scintillation in her eyes she could not control.  
I observed that Mr. Knight sat gazing at her  
seemingly in a state of abstraction. When he  
took his leave, he said to her: "I shall read  
that book, and form my own judgment; it is  
but an act of justice."

I could see that night that Sara was strongly  
excited, though she repressed the signs as well  
as she could. I attributed it to the review, and  
on saying something in the way of sympathetic  
indignation, I found my conclusions were quite  
superfluous. The next few days, Sara was very  
quiet and self-contained, but I detected an under-  
current of emotion and anxiety which always  
seemed at its flux as the evening drew near. It  
was evident to me that she was expecting Mr.  
Knight.

After the lapse of a week, he came late one  
evening. If anything had been needed to con-  
firm the idea I entertained, Sara's flush of color  
would have supplied it. To my extreme dis-  
appointment and annoyance, Mr. Hall at once  
engaged him in some political discussion. Sara  
went to her piano and played some of the ex-  
quisite airs in *Norma*, as no one else, in my  
opinion, could have done. I watched Mr.  
Knight with interest. Laugh at my woman's  
intuition, dear reader, if you like, but I felt cer-  
tainly that he had read Sara's book, and more than  
that, had divined that it was hers. I saw his  
eyes rest upon her with an expression that told

me more than this: that a veil had been lifted  
from the past; that, by the aid of that crude  
but noble production, he read my friend's  
character aright. Did he read more than this?  
Mr. Hall was presently called out on some pro-  
fessional emergency, and then Mr. Knight drew  
near Sara's piano. "I have read that book," he  
said: "would you care to have my opinion?"

Surely, interested in the matter as I was, I  
had a right to his critical observations: neverthe-  
less, an instinct kept me in my seat which was  
at the further end of the room. Sara softly  
touched the keys while he spoke—at least she  
did at first; after awhile the sound ceased; she  
lifted up her before lowered face, flushed and radi-  
ant. As he bent towards her, I slipped out  
of the room.

Still, as I walked up and down Sara's room, I  
could not quite understand it, and having per-  
ceived myself in vain, resolved to wait for the  
explanation. I was determined to extract from  
my friend. Wait in truth I did. More than  
one hour passed, and the second was far spent,  
when I heard Mr. Hall's impatient knock at the  
house-door, and a few moments after I heard  
Sara's coming foot-steps. "Sara," I exclaimed,  
trying to seize her floating skirts as she ran past  
the door—"Sara, I must say one word!"

She evaded me, however, shaking herself free with  
a mocking laugh, and locking herself securely  
in the stronghold of her bedroom. It was too  
bad; there was nothing for it but submission.

The next morning I secured her at the con-  
fessional. "Am I, then, to understand," I asked  
I, in my untrusting effort to comprehend the matter  
fully—"am I, then, to understand that your  
chief motive in publishing this novel, was the  
wishes of Mr. Knight's reading it taking a new  
measure of your character thereby? Have you  
loved him so long?"

"Even so," said Sara with crimson cheeks.  
"It was a romantic venture—a chance, as you  
call it; but I could think of no other means of  
showing him what I really was—how much he  
was mistaken."

"But you took such pains to mislead him  
Sara."

"Carry, how ignorant you are! Could I ven-  
ture to show him how solicitous I was for his  
good opinion? I cared so much for it, there was  
no middle course open to me."

"Sensible man," said I sentimentally, "should  
be careful how they gauge the character of a  
high-spirited, frivolous-seeming girl."

He had exercised more penetration than most  
sensible men. He formed a pretty fair estimate  
of me before he guessed I wrote that book, or  
had read it. What generous thoughts he had  
last night! added Sara with a flush of ardor. "Un-  
der his guidance, I may do better things than  
this."

"They say," said I laughing, "that pure fame  
is never enough for a woman."

"That heart," returned Sara with a well-  
pleased smile, "whether belonging to man or  
woman, must be narrow indeed which pure  
fame would satisfy. Carry, I long to see you as  
happy as I am now!"

## HOSPITALITY OF THE TURKISH PEASANTRY.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, who  
has recently been travelling in Asiatic Turkey,  
gives the following fascinating description of  
Turkish hospitality:

"Our Zavaues, with part of our company,  
lost the road, and were separated from us, so  
that we arrived at our night quarters far in  
number, and low in authority, since our guards  
were absent. The whole village was almost in  
a riot on our account; every man repeated the  
same thing: 'We have nothing to give you nor  
any lodgings for you.' We spoke of money and  
the sound softened them a little, but then they  
asked such prices for the articles we needed that  
we felt quite bewildered. Despairing of getting  
anything from these barbarians, one of our party  
brought himself to procuring supper by  
means of his gun, and at the expense of a pro-  
digious flock of larks which were crowding  
around some heaps of corn that had just been  
taken out from their winter store-places, that  
is, from holes in the ground. No sooner did  
the villagers understand our friend's intent, than  
they showed themselves very eager to help him.  
Silence was ordered and obtained; and when the  
hunter fired, the birds fell in numbers upon the  
ground, killed or wounded—the villagers ran to  
catch them and put them in their pockets! I  
had witnessed the whole process, and could not  
refrain from a burst of laughter; but the shoot-  
ing gentleman did not take the affair so very  
lightly. He shouted after the robbers, de-  
voted them to all sorts of plagues, invoked  
upon them the heaviest chastisements, but all  
in vain. The rascals became angry in their turn,  
and threatened to do with the hunter what he  
had done with the birds. At this critical moment  
the rest of our party, the guards included,  
joined us, and put an end to the fight. They had  
been to another village, found good lodging,  
kind greetings, and good fare, and assured us  
that with no more than twenty minutes riding  
they should reach that Turkish paradise. Glad  
enough we were to take our leave of the inhospitable  
villagers, and abandoning the contested  
larks, we saddled our horses anew and moved  
away. The twenty minutes ride expanded to  
an hour and more; and after all we found poor  
quarters, and still poorer fare. Our kind host  
rubbed one of our party of his purse; still we  
did not reject our choice. Anything was better  
than the people we had escaped from."

## A LITTLE QUAKERESS IN A HURRY.

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the  
old time of New England. It so fell out that  
two young people became very much smitten  
with each other, as young people sometimes do.  
The woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—  
the young man was poor, but respectable. The  
father could stand no such union, and resolutely  
opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey  
him. "Let him by moon-light," while she pretended  
never to see him, and she pined and wasted in  
grief of herself. She was really in love—a state  
of sighs and tears, which women often reach  
in imagination than in reality. Still he re-  
mained inexorable. Time passed off. She let  
her book, and form my own judgment; it is  
but an act of justice."

## SULPHUR VAPOR BATH.

Dr. Tolson has taken Room at Win-  
throp Hall, Augusta.

WHERE he has in operation an excellent Apparatus for  
administering the Sulphur Vapor Bath. This is  
the most perfect and safe method of treating the  
above complaint, and has been attended with a success  
known to any other method. The Bath is safe,  
pleasant, and does not require the use of any  
drugs. It is a most valuable remedy for the  
removal of the system what would otherwise injure it.  
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